A
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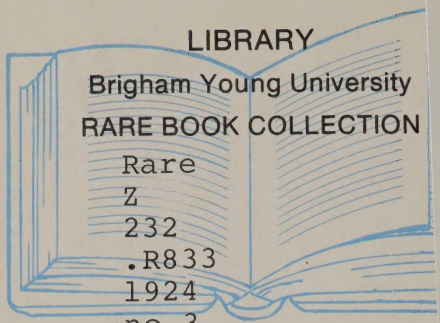
Carol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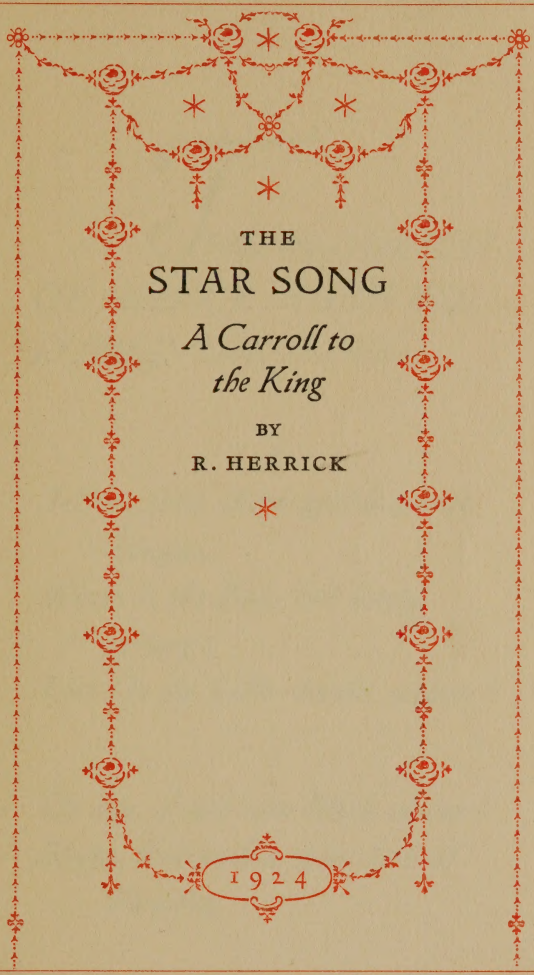
THE
STAR SONG
A Carroll to
the King
BY
R. HERRICK
1924

UPB

# THE FLOURISH OF MUSICK: THEN FOLLOWED THE SONG:

1

*Tell us, thou cleere and heavenly*
*Tongue,*
*Where is the Babe but lately*
*sprung?*
*Lies He the Lillie-banks among?*

2

*Or say, if this new Birth of ours*
*Sleeps, laid within some Ark of*
*Flowers,*

*Spangled with deaw-light; thou*
*canst cleere*
*All doubts, and manifest the*
*where.*

3

*Declare to us, bright Star, if we*
*shall seek*
*Him in the Mornings blushing*
*cheek,*
*Or search the beds of Spices*
*through,*
*To find him out?*

STAR:

*No, this ye need not do;*
*But only come, and see Him rest*
*A Princely Babe in's Mothers Brest.*

CHORUS:

*He's seen, He's seen, why then a*
*Round,*
*Let's kisse the sweet and holy ground;*
*And all rejoyce, that we have found*
*A King, before conception crown'd.*

4

*Come then, come then, and let us*
*bring*
*Unto our prettie Twelfth-Tide King,*
*Each one his severall offering;*

CHORUS:

*And when night comes, wee'l give*
*Him wassailing:*

*And that His treble Honours may*
*be seen,*
*Wee'l chuse Him King, and make*
*His Mother Queen.*

Bruce Rogers